Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promiſe you, my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his ſouldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing countrimen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard, except thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truſie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this coldie corps on the earths cold face:

But

But if I thriue, the gaine
The leaſt of you, ſhall ſ
Sound drums and trump
God, and Saint George
Enter
King. What ſaid North
Rat. That he was neu
King. He ſaid the tru
Rat. He ſmiled and ſ
King. He was in the
Tell the clocke there.
Giue me a calender, wh
Rat. Not I my Lord
King. Then he diſda
He ſhould haue braud t
A blacke day will it be
Rat. My Lord.
King. The ſunne wil
The skie doth frowne,
I would theſe dewie tea
Not ſhine to day: why
More then to Richmo
That frownes on me, l
E
Norff. Arme, arme,
King. Come, buſtle
Call vp Lord Stanlie, b
I will lead forth, my ſo
And thus my battaile
My foreward ſhall be
Conſiſting equallie of
Our Archers ſhall be p
Iohn, Duke of Norffo
Shall haue the leading
They thus directed, w
In the maine battell, w
Shall be well winged w
This, and Saint Georg

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